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621 [184] of the principal streets runs continuously on the same level through the two *barrios* and the pair are much alike and co-operate for the carnival and for other *fiestas*.

The Tepoztecos are conscious of the part played by these geographic features. During an annual *fiesta* an [536] actor impersonating their eponymous "king," El Tepozteco, recites a traditional rôle in Nahuatl in the course of which, as he is defying the besieging armies of other neighboring villages, he says, "*Ica hueloncan* [534] *nechmoyohualotica nahui no tepe, chicome tlatelli, chicome tlacomolli, ihuan chicome tlaltemimilolli*" ("Here I am surrounded by my four mountains, seven hills, seven wells and seven stony hillsides"). This is clearly a reference, in topographic terms, to the *barrios*.

The word *barrio* is frequently translated "ward," but "ward" does not correctly suggest the nature of the unit. In the first place the *barrio* is not a political unit. For purposes of municipal government the town has been divided into seven *demarcaciónes*. It is plain that the *barrios* have been the general pattern for the creation of the *demarcaciónes*, but the boundaries of the two sets of units do not coincide. People do not know what *demarcación* they live in; many are probably ignorant that such an artificial unit exists. In the second place, while one becomes a member of a "ward," as we know it, merely by going and living in that area, one may not in this way become a member of a *barrio*. Membership in the *barrio* is, generally speaking, hereditary. In most cases people live on the

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the day of the *fiesta* they come to dance before the *santo*. They march up to the chapel and kneel before the altar. Then they dance and sing inside the chapel. They wear tall, plumed headdresses, embroidered with beads and small mirrors, pink or red blouses, short red skirts with bead and shell pendants, colored stockings, and sandals. Some are women; most are men, who wear long false hair. They dance to mandolins made of armadillo shell. Their leaders carry banners bearing the name of their organization and effigies of *santos*. After they have paid their respects to the *santo* in the church, they come outside and, forming a circle, begin to dance in the atrium. The step is varied from time to time, but the dancers keep their respective places in the circle. Occasionally they sing. The leader sings the verses, and all join in the chorus:

¡Ay! Jesús!
Solo Jesús
Quiso morir en la cruz.

The *cuadrillos* of *Apaches* from San Juan and from Santiago arrive together, accompanied by a band of musicians. They march into the church to kneel before the *santo*, before beginning to dance on the other side of the atrium. The dancing keeps up all morning.

While they are dancing the large candles to be burned before the *santo* are brought in a procession from the house of the *mayordomo* of the candles. Men carry them swung on poles. In front go women carrying baskets of flowers and braziers of burning copal

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The boys gather at the house of the *maestro* who taught them. From there a sound of singing comes, and the jingling of bells. Up the rocky street appears a light—many lights. Five or six globes of illumination shift and swing against the blackness. Some are stars, some are crescents. The singing grows louder. "Here come the stars of brilliant light, bearing the news that Jesus now is born."

Vienen las estrellas con brillante luz
Dando las noticias ya nació Jesús.

Each boy wears a cloth bound over his head and hanging down the back. Each carries a staff of bells, and these staffs beat the measure of the music on the cobbles. The candles within the tissue-paper stars, borne on poles, cast a faint illumination for their feet. Followed by a crowd of people, the globes of light pass slowly across the *plaza*, through the gate of the churchyard up to the door of the church. The church, for a year a place of silence, rings with sudden echoes. The singers move up to the altar, banging their staffs on the flags. The people following drop to their knees. Under the cross *Los Pastores* halt. They continue shouting the song, banging the staffs, until almost dawn:

December 31.—Tomorrow will be the *fiesta of* Santa María de Tepoztlán. The *chirimía* plays on the roof of the Templo Mayor. The *cohetero* is completing the *castillo* to be burned for the *fiesta*.

Some people discharge rockets at midnight to usher in the New Year.

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and probably in most cases ancient. They were probably written by early priests and especially devout natives. They are fixed and permanent. They change little, and new examples do not readily appear. Their tendency is, no doubt, to diminish, as elements of ritual are lost. Often they are in the keeping of only a few, even a single, individual. When the time comes to instruct a group of singers in these songs, such a *maestro* teaches them orally, line by line. There is some reluctance to expose their content casually; they tend to become somewhat esoteric. They are traditional, sacred, ceremonial, public; in meaning they are one with the mass, with religious responses. But they are entirely local, not in type, for the type is widespread, but in specific content.

They are religious hymns of praise of the type generally known as *alabanzas*.[1] The object of adoration is the Christ, Mary, the cross, or a particular *santo*. Some rehearse the episodes involving the birth of Jesus; others describe the Passion. Often the phraseology is taken from Catholic liturgy. But the songs sung by *Los Pastores*, the boys who dance and sing on Christmas Eve and on Twelfth Night, employ a more spontaneous language of naïve poetry. A few stanzas

danzas de Coatetelco," pp. 135–94. The prose text accompanying the ritual of "El Tepozteco," recited on the day Altepe-ilhuitl, is apparently the only traditional public text not connected with the church.

[1] Like the secular ephemeral songs about to be described, local *alabanzas* are sometimes printed on cheap leaflets. A collection of such hymns is described in Mariano Silva y Aceves, art., "La colección folklorico de la biblioteca del Museo Nacional," pp. 269–320. See also Nuñez y Dominguez, art., "The Alabado and Alabanzas," pp. 12–17.

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533 from the song of *Los Pastores* of Santo Domingo will
539 sufficiently indicate the character of this type.

Abran los caminos	Open the roads
Que ahí vienen pastores,	For here come shepherds,
Y vienen sembrando	And they come sowing
Semillas de flores.	Seeds of flowers.
Adiós, María hermosa,	Farewell, Mary beautiful,
La niña mas bella	Most beautiful child
Que nos da esta luz,	Who gives us this light,
Cuadrada la estrella.	Perfect the star.
Corre, borreguito,	Run, little lamb,
Desde la ladera,	From the slope,
Cortame una rosa	Cut me a rose
De la primavera.	Of spring.
Hermosa mañana,	Beautiful morning,
Que lindos colores,	What pretty colors,
Que vientos de flores,	What flowery breezes,
Que plácido olor.	What mild fragrance.
El chivito dijo,	The little goat said,
Ya Jesús nació,	Now Jesus is born,
"Gloria," van diciendo,	"Glory," they are saying,
"Bendito sea Dios."	"Blessed be the Lord."

As with the secular songs, usually two lines are sung twice, and then two more lines, after which the entire
533 quatrain is sung again. To sing in this way all of the
796 four-line stanzas (one hundred and thirty-six in all) of the *alabanzas* addressed to the *santo* of Ixcatepec takes several hours. These verses are sung on May 8, when is celebrated the *fiesta* of that village. The girls (*Las Pastoras*) who sing the song are from Tepoztlán as well as Ixcatepec. There are seven parts to the song. The music, which is traditional and played by

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los músicos viejos, changes for each part.[1] One part is sung outside the church, another on entering, a third at the altar, and other parts are sung when *Las Pastoras* leave the church. On the occasion when this singing was observed an older girl at the head of the double line of girls had a written copy of the song.[2] She gave out two lines, which were sung by all twice; then she gave out two more lines. The song begins:

En tu templo hemos llegado,	Into thy temple have we come,
Padre mío de Ixcatepec,	My Father of Ixcatepec,
Venimos a dar las gracias	We come to give thanks
En tu santuario dichoso.	In thy happy sanctuary.
Christo milagroso,	Miraculous Christ,
Todo de angeles rodeado,	All surrounded by angels,
Gracias te damos, padre mío,	We give thee thanks, my father,
En tu santuario dichoso.	In thy happy sanctuary.

Most of the stanzas are taken up with repeated adoration of the *santo*, and with rehearsing, in phraseology largely taken from the New Testament, the de-

[1] This is not the place to give the musical record (which is only partly complete). But the music accompanying the first part indicates the general character.

[2] From this and another existing written version (the two did not differ much) the text was obtained.

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539 tails of the crucifixion. This narration is interrupted with paeans of praise. The appeal is now to Mary, now to Christ. But it is this particular image that is venerated.

Son milagros que has hecho	They are miracles which thou hast performed
Porque eres muy poderoso,	Because thou art very powerful,
Santo Cristo milagroso,	Holy miraculous Christ,
El Señor de Ixcatepec.	The Lord of Ixcatepec.
Pues eres nuestro consuelo,	Indeed, thou art our guide,
Señor de Ixcatepec,	Lord of Ixcatepec,
Y que nos lleves al cielo,	And may thou bear us to heaven,
A gozar eternamente.	To find eternal enjoyment.
Tu has querido este templo	Thou hast desired this temple
[Para] adorarte, y dejaste	That we adore thee, and thou hast left us
La imagen para adorarlo,	The image to adore it,
De tu eximia bondad.	In thy exceeding goodness.

In the closing stanzas a long farewell is taken of the temple and its contents until the next year when *Las Pastoras* will come again to sing. The singers bid separate farewells to the church, the altar, the throne on the altar, the cross, the burial ground within the church walls, the bells in the tower, the hanging lamp. Each detail of the image is separately addressed.

Adiós, rostro ensangretado,	Farewell, bleeding countenance,
Ya nos vamos ausentar,	Now we take our departure,
Adiós, corona de espinas,	Farewell, crown of thorns,
Echanos tu bendición.	Give us thy blessing.
Adiós, manitas divinas,	Farewell, divine little hands,
De Jesús tan lastimado,	Of Jesus, so tormented,
Adiós, llagas del costado,	Farewell, wounds in the side,
Abiertas por mi delito.	Opened by my sin.

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Before turning to the group of ephemeral songs, 533
mention should be made of the *mañanitas*. These are 527
songs of serenade, sung by the party of friends and relatives who, at dawn, come to the house of a friend, whose birthday it is, bringing gifts of flowers and food. This custom is general throughout Mexico, and many of the accompanying songs are traditional. They are private ritual songs as contrasted with the songs of public ritual just described; and they are secular rather than sacred. They are of one general type. Reference is made to the coming of morning; the natal day of the person celebrated is hailed; the gifts are announced. The one most commonly used is widely known in Mexico,[1] but there is at least one local *mañanita* in Nahuatl.[2]

The only lullaby encountered in Tepoztlán is the 533
rorro song,[3] which is ritually used when the figure of 854

[1] Words and music are published in *Mexican Folkways*, III, No. 2 (1917), 101. *Mañanitas* of this type are published in Gamio, *op. cit.*, II, 399, and in *Mexican Folkways*, II, No. 2 (1926), 27.

[2] This is as follows: [539]

Xi-isa, tlahtlachia, yetlanez,
Awake, open thy eyes, now it is dawn,
xihualehua, xihualehua, xicuelique noanimantzin,
come, come, to receive my soul,
ihuan noyollo ihuantzonte macuechitl
and my heart and a branch of flowers
xancualtzin timitzhuiquilitz ipan nin huei
very pretty which I bring thee on this great
metonal. Axcan yenia; xipaqui, xihuetzca.
day [of thy *santo*]. Now I go; be happy, smile.

[3] This is in general use in Mexico. Words and music are printed in *Mexican Folkways*, II, No. 5 (1926), 42. In a large collection of Peruvian folk songs not a single lullaby was encountered (R. and M. d'Harcourt, *La musique des Incas et ses survivances*, p. 169.

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533 They are highly stereotyped, and appear to be merely
539 a conventional art form. The singer ordinarily begins by getting the lady's attention:

Escucha un momento, Porfiria de mi alma,	Harken, a moment, Porfiria of my soul,
Te ruego por compasión,	I beg thee, in compassion,
Para que tu calmes el amor ardiente	Quiet the burning love
Que inflama mi corazón.	That consumes my heart.

Almost always the attitude assumed is one of melancholy, of hopeless desire.

Que triste es quererte tanto,	How sad to love thee so
Y a no volverse [a] amar,	And not to love each other again,
Que después de amores, llanto,	That after love, tears,
Sumergido a padecer.	Drowned in suffering.
En el panteón del olvido	In the graveyard of forgetfulness
Dale sepulcro a mi querer,	Give burial to my longing,
Y negar que te he querido	And to deny that I have loved you
Te lo pido, por favor.	I ask thee, as a favor.

533 The body of such songs as these is largely taken up with praises of the lady's charms. This praise is as conventional as it is extravagant. She is lovelier than the angels. Adam would have left Eden if he had glimpsed her. The lover would build a throne so he might place her on it and before her prostrate himself. The ornamental figures are elements taken from familiar sacred literature—angels, cherubs, Paradise—and a few names from the classics, such as Diana and Venus. The similes in a more sophisticated society would be *clichés*. Her lips are always like rubies; her

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brow is almost regularly compared to the rising sun. A well-liked stanza praising Porfiria in such terms appears again almost unchanged in a different song addressed to Concha.

Esos tus chinitos que adornan tu frente	Those curls of thine which adorn thy brow
Me roban el pensamiento,	Rob me of thought,
Parece que miro el sol del oriente	It seems that I behold the rising sun
Cada vez que los contemplo.	Each time that I look upon them.

These love songs are expressive only in that they reflect the degree of sophistication of the group. The form and the poetic mood are not indigenous, are not a growth of the soil; they are borrowed. They have become a conventional art form in Tepoztlán. They are the more naïve forerunners of the sentimental song of city civilization.

From this form only three or four love songs in the present collection depart. One describes the competition of a rich man and a poet for the hand of a lady. In another the lover tells his lady that in loving her he is forced to break the Ten Commandments. Only one love song in the group is told not in the stilted language of a formal poetry but in the true vernacular. It is a dialogue between a man of the people and a girl of the people. They are both, it is clear, *tontos*. He woos her not with the artificial flowers of a borrowed metaphor but with the promises and in the terms of Tepoztlán. Nahuatl phrases are used.

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533 Yo vide[1] un naturalito
Que a su indita la paró
539 En un lugar tan solito,
Que de amores le trató.
Observé las palabritas
Que la decía, no sé que,

"*Xinechmaca* tu boquita
Para que yo besaré."
Y le respondió la indita:

"*Amo, amo,* Juan Jusé."

I saw a "child of nature"
Who stopped his Indian love
In a place quite solitary,
Which was just right for love.
I noticed the little words
Which he said to her, I don't know what,

"Give me your mouth
That I may kiss you."
And the little Indian answered him:

"No, no, Juan José."

There are eight stanzas. He begs her to yield.

"Selo compraré en seguida
Tus zapatos con tacón,
Tus 'naguas con brillantina,
Que parescas de sazón,
Tus arillos, tu mascada,

Con tu tapalo café,
Si lo admites, prenda amada,
Todo telo compraré."
La indita tiró una risada,
"¡Qué chistoso es Juan Jusé!"

"I will buy you right away
Your shoes with heels,
Your skirts with spangles,
That you may look just right,
Your earrings, your silk handkerchief,

With your brown shawl,
If you will accept it, sweetheart,
I will buy it all for you."
The little Indian laughed,
"How funny is Juan José!"

She remains coy until he makes an improper advance, which draws from her invective, partly Spanish, partly Nahuatl.

"Mientras ti lo daré un real
Con tal tu amor me lo des,

'Hora que hay este lugar
De estar junto con ti."
"*Amo, amo,* Juan José,
Zantiquitas,[2] picarón,
Bonito quieres hacer?
Diablo, *nantzin,* barrigón!
Tu no tratas de buena fé,
Tratas de mala intención."

"Meanwhile I will give you a *real*
On condition that you give me your love,
Now that there is this chance
That I may possess you."
"No, no, Juan José,
Now you see, you rogue,
You want to do the right thing?
Devil, old woman, pot-belly,
You don't act in good faith,
You act with bad intent."

[1] Vulgar for *vi.*

[2] For *antes tiquitas.*

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There is a small group of songs written in the same stilted phraseology as the love songs addressed to the lady hopelessly loved, but with a different subject matter. These are songs addressed by singers to other singers. All these local ephemeral songs are written by men in or near the valley of Tepoztlán, and most of them by two or three men who enjoy reputations in northern Morelos as great poets.[1] One poet addresses a contemporary, or one recently dead, in a song of praise. In such songs the similes are again conventional: the guitar is referred to as a "lyre"; the composers are "nightingales." But these songs name the men recognized as *gran poetas* in the little world of these songs, and the intellectual self-sufficiency of the small community is unmistakable.

Por todo el ámbito, Oacalco a Yautepec,[2]	Throughout all the circuit, Oacalco to Yautepec,
Es una gloria sus cantos al escuchar,	It is glorious to listen to your songs,
Muy entusiastas las ninfas con placer,	The nymphs, enthusiastic with pleasure,
Brindando aplausos a Guadalupe Beltran.[3]	Offering applause to Guadalupe Beltran.

However conventional the language of songs of this type, they are of significance in describing the life of Tepoztlán, because they do embody actual memories that the people hold dear and they do enshrine local heroes. It is because the songs of war do just this that

[1] A singer generally composes the words, then tries them on his instrument and puts the music to them.

[2] A distance of about eight miles. Yautepec is fourteen miles from Tepoztlán.

[3] The singer honored.

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533 they are the most significant of all the songs. They
538 are the songs that record and perpetuate events (*corridos*, in the sense in which that term is used generally in Mexico). In the cities of Mexico such songs report dramatic crimes or accidents as well as the events of war. This class of songs constitutes a sort of news-
[203] paper of the folk. Such songs from other communi-
[177] ties come to Tepoztlán and are sung there along with the local *corridos*. But, in Tepoztlán, crime almost
[674] does not occur, and great accidents are rare; so the subject matter involves almost entirely the episodes and the heroes of the last great revolution. Dramatic incidents that happened near Tepoztlán, the local revolutionary leaders, the moods of pride and sorrow of revolutionary days, were made into music by Zapatista soldiers around their campfires; and now these memories of which the group is proud are revived and the values therein are redefined in the singing of the songs today. These songs are the real history-books of Tepoztlán, the cherry tree of their George Washington, and their Paul Revere's ride.

533 These ballads of revolution may conveniently be
539 regarded as of three principal types: the soldier song, the political lampoon, and the narrative of a military exploit.

In the soldier song the Zapatista sings his life. There are no episodes, no personalities. The life of the *guerrilla* in the mountains itself speaks.

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Soy rebelde del Estado de Morelos,	I'm a rebel of the state of Morelos,
Y que proclamo las promesas de San Luis,[1]	And I proclaim the promises of San Luis,
Soy rebelde y lucharé contra el gobierno,	I'm a rebel and I'll fight against the government,
Porque al fin nada llegada a complir.	Because in the end it has not fulfilled anything.
Con mi guincher, mi caballo y tres canañas,	With my Winchester, my horse and three cartridge belts,
Y descubro la virgen de Tepeyac,[2]	And I display the Virgin of Tepeyac,
Así que haré que respete el Plan de Ayala,[3]	So I will make respected the Plan of Ayala,
O que sucumba cual valiente liberal.	Or I perish as a valiant liberal.
Mi boluarte los montanes, y no lo niego,	My bulwark is the mountains, and I don't deny it,
Y mi nombre Zapatista lo ha de ser,	And my name Zapatista, it will ever be,
Ante un grupo de Carranclanes no me arredro,	Before a group of Carranzistas I don't draw back,
Siempre que tenga mi treinta-treinta he de prender.	If always I have my thirty-thirty right at hand.
Pero al fin si mi suerte no es adversa,	But whether in the end my lot is lucky,
O sucumba en el campo por desgracia,	Or I die on the field by mischance,
Moriré proclamando con firmeza,—	I shall die steadfastly proclaiming,—
¡Vivan las fuerzas del sur! ¡Viva Zapata![4]	Long live the forces of the south! Long live Zapata!

[1] The title of Madero's call for revolution (1910).

[2] The Virgin of Guadalupe.

[3] The title of Zapata's call for revolution (1911).

The melody of the song just given will serve to illustrate the type of music of the secular song. [See music at foot of next page.]

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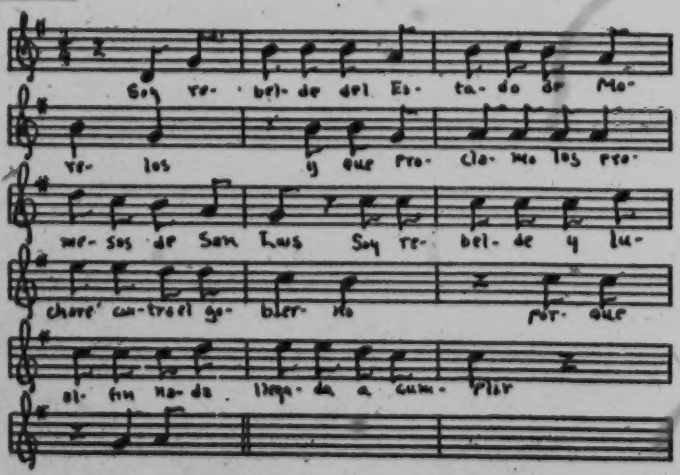
533 539 Another soldier song tells of the *guachas*—the camp-followers of the revolution. The mood is one of bitterness and scorn against those false women of Morelos who have given themselves to the Carranzistas instead of to the followers of Zapata.

Siendo contrarias a nuestra causa,	Although they are enemies of our cause,
Los federales en la ocasión	The federals on this occasion
Las de mi tierra sean vuelto guachas,	The women of my land[1] have turned *guachas*,
Hasta suspiran por un pelón,[2]	And they even sigh for a trooper,
Como ellos tienen bastante plata,	As those fellows have plenty of coin,
Y a buen precio les dan su amor;	So they get a good price for their love;
También ya dicen, "¡Muera Zapata!	Now they say too, "Down with Zapata!
¡Viva el gobierno que es lo mejor!"	Hurrah for the government which is the best!"


Soy re- bel- de del Es- ta- do de Mo-
re- los y que pro- cla- mo los pro-
me- sos de San Luis Soy re- bel- de y lu-
chare' con-tra el go- bier- no por- que
al- fin na- da llega- da a cum- plir

[1] Morelos. [2] The federal soldiers were close shaven head and face.

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Of the eighty lines only eight more need be quoted here: 533 539

Y si me niegan esas caricias	And if they deny me those caresses of theirs
Porque mi traje no es de rural,	Because my costume isn't that of a federal,
Pueden borrarme de su lista	They can scratch me off their list
Que por sentido no me he de dar.	And I will not take offense at that.
Mejor prefiero ser Zapatista	I'd rather be a Zapatista
Y no verdugo, cruel federal,	And not a beastly, cruel federal,
Que hombres sensibles la vida quitan	Let sensible men quit life
Cuando les llegan a derrotar.	When those fellows succeed in routing them.

The type of political lampoon is illustrated by the "Corrido de Don Venustiano." In this, Carranza, the protagonist of Zapata, is mockingly addressed by the singing Zapatista.

El señor don Venustiano quería ser respetado	Mr. Don Venustiano wanted to be respected
Como un gran veterano de nuestra libertad,	As a great fighter for our liberty,
Pero este pobre pueblo que se halla enfurecido	But this poor people that is enraged
Maldice a cada hora su barbara ansiedad	Every hour curses his barbarous eagerness.
¿Deque le sirve a Usted, señor don Venustiano,	Since when there were at your service, Mr. Don Venustiano,
La ciencia de su frente y la edad que tiene Usted?	The wisdom of your forehead and the great age which is yours?
Si todos sus asuntos marchan por mal camino,	If all your affairs go by such a bad road,
No tiene Usted principios de ser libertador.	You haven't the principles to be a liberator.
Pues ya se puede huir a la vieja Europa	Well, now you can flee to old Europe
Usted y toda su tropa que vino a conquistar,	Yourself, and all your troop that came to conquer,

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533 Porque todo fué un sueño, el triunfo que le tocó,
539 Por eso le sofoca la gran revolución.
¿Pues que pensaba Usted, Señor don Venustiano,
Que con su gran esfuerzo vencería la nación?
Pues sepa Usted y entienda que el pueblo Mexicano
Despoja los tiranos de nuestra libertad.

Because it was all a dream, that triumph of yours,
That is why the great revolution smothered you.
Well, what did you think, Mr. Venustiano,
That with your great force you would conquer the nation?
Well, know and learn that the Mexican people
Cuts down the tyrants of our liberty.

War in Mexico is also politics, and it is waged in terms of personalities, of heroes, and of tyrants. The military songs of the narrative type usually recount some heroic act of one or another local leader. Of these the greatest is Emiliano Zapata, but other lesser men are also sung. Characteristically it is the tragic death, accomplished through perfidious betrayal, that is the subject of the ballad. The captured general defies his captors, makes a patriotic speech, and is shot. Ballads of this type are specific as to names and dates —they are intermediate in character between, and identical in function with, the legends of a tribal people and the history-books of primary education in city life. "On the thirtieth of May," begins the "Ballad of Serna," "in Santana Clacotenco[1] was Don Sirino Serna, with his faithful brigade, guarding the *plaza*, when he found himself taken by surprise." A traitor named Quintero, an "Iscariot," betrayed him. "It was a little after four o'clock on that sad morning

[186] [769]

[1] Not far north of Tepoztlán, in the Federal District.

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when the cavalry surrounded him." There was a short but bitter struggle; Serna was taken by Quintero and stood up to be shot. His dying words are given: 533 539

"No crea Usted, Quintero, que con amenazas,	"Don't think, Quintero, that because of threats,
Tal vez yo cambie de resolución,	Perhaps my resolution wavers,
Soy su prisionero, y ¡Que viva Zapata!	I am your prisoner, and long live Zapata!
¡Mueran los traidores de nuestra nación!	Die the traitors of our country!
En aquel momento cayó aquel valiente,	At that moment that brave man fell,
Bañado en su sangre por un projectil,	Bathed in his blood by a bullet,
Don Sirino Serna nos dijo, "Fijense,	Don Sirino Serna said to us, "Stand firm,
Nos dejó un ejemplo digno de valor civil."	He left us a worthy example of civic valor."

Songs such as these give us the Tepoztecan definition of patriotism. The *patria* is the *patria chica*, the mountain-walled valleys of northern Morelos. In *Adelita* the soldier sings: [186]

Soy soldado revolucionario	I'm a soldier of the revolution
Que defiendo el suelo en que nací	Who defends the soil where I was born,
Porque no verlo en poder de otro extraño,	So as not to see it in the power of some foreigner,
Opresor que no sea del país.	Some oppressor who is not of the country.

The appeal is always to the people of Morelos. "Morelenses! Hurrah for the plan of Ayala!" "Would they pass through thee, O State of Morelos?" And [186]

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533 the tendency in Morelos for this nationalistic con-
539 sciousness to assume a racial aspect is indicated in

[186]

Que vivan los valientes defensores de la sierra,	Hurrah for the brave defenders of the sierra,
Que vivan nuestros jefes de la revolución,	Hurrah for our revolutionary leaders,
Que viva el Plan de Ayala, que vivan los aztecas,	Hurrah for the Plan of Ayala, hurrah for the Aztecs,
Muera Don Venustiano y su mal opinión.	Death to Don Venustiano and his bad cause.

533 This, then, is the real literature of Tepoztlán.[1] It
538 does not merely persist; it thrives and multiplies; it is
212 a true voice of the people. It is not Indian but Mexican. It is comparable with the ballads of fifteenth-century England. In general it passes from the mouth of the singer to the ear of the listener, who becomes the next singer. But many *corridos* are written down. It is easier to learn a song if you can borrow the text and study it over. It is probable that one of the earliest needs for writing felt by an illiterate *tonto* is in connection with these songs. When such a one was asked if he knew some songs, he replied regretfully,

[1] The classification of the local songs here used may be summarized:

Traditional songs, ritualistic and anonymous
  Sacred songs of public ritual: *alabanzas*
  Secular songs of private ritual: *mañanitas*
Ephemeral songs, social and aesthetic
  Conventional art forms
    Odes of love
    The singer sung
  More truly expressive songs, preserving group experience and defining group values
    Songs of war and heroism
      Soldier songs
      Political lampoons
      Narrative songs

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Zapata was a very great man. The only reason he lost was that he had no money. He fought for the poor people, but the millionaires were against him. 769 [173]

Zapata as a symbol embodies the group consciousness of the Indians of Morelos which developed during the revolution. His exploits are sung all over Mexico, but it is especially in Morelos that his memory is revered. *Corridos*[1] about him, written elsewhere in Mexico, describe his "base passions" and refer to him as "an Attila." But in the songs of the local collection he is "our defender," "a Napoleon," "our exalted savior," "the scourge of many a traitor," and "so wise and quick-thinking a *veterano*." [669] [186] [171] [533]

Les encargó a las fuerzas surianas	He charged the forces of the south
Que como jefe y sublime redentor;	As chief and exalted savior;
Su memoria conserven mañana	To preserve his memory tomorrow
Como prueba de su patrio amor.	As a proof of their love of country.

[539]

It is only in Morelos, in Tepoztlán and scores of Indian villages like it, that Zapata becomes truly legendary, and then even mythical. It is only in Morelos that he becomes a King Arthur, a Robin Hood. The stories and songs about Zapata may be dignified with the term "cycle." To the extent that these stories and songs merely keep alive a glorious memory they are legends—the folk counterpart of history. To the extent that the figure of Zapata defines the standards and justifies the conduct and ethical judgments of the people out of which he arose, they are myths. 769 773 [533]

[1] Obtained in printed form in Mexico City.

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The substance of one local *corrido*, the "Bola de San Juan Chinameca," describing an exploit of Zapata, may be given to illustrate the memories that are relished in Tepoztlán and the idealization of the *veterano*. After a formal introduction the singer tells that on March 28 Zapata arrived at the *hacienda* of Chinameca,[1] of which the caretaker was a Spaniard, Carriles. Zapata, "always filled with passion," addresses Carriles.

Este fué impedido de unos tres mil pesos,
Y en seguida les de.

"Luego en el momento," contestó Carriles,
"Tres mil bolas les daré."

Of him was demanded some three thousand *pesos*,
And that he give it to them immediately.

"Right away, right this moment," answered Carriles,
"I'll give you three thousand bullets."

Zapata, having received this answer, arranges his forces and says, "Now, boys, lively when you hear the bugle." The *hacienda* is surrounded; the Spaniards are terrified.

Llegó el terrible Zapata
Con justicia y razón;
Habló con imperio, "Vengan con una hacha
Y tiren este portón."

Arrived the terrible Zapata
With justice and right;
He spoke commandingly, "Come with an ax
And batter down this door."

The door is opened; the Zapatistas enter.

Tembló la tierra ese día,
Zapata entró ... .

The earth trembled that day,
Zapata entered. . . . .

[1] About twenty miles south of Cuauhtla in south-central Morelos.

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Carriles is ferreted out "just as he was, in his stockings," and the story ends swiftly. 769 539

Les juntó toditos, y les dió las onze,[1]	He brought them all together, and gave them a drink,
Y hincados frente de una peña,	And kneeling in front of a rock,
"Besen esta cruz y toquen clarines de bronze,	"Kiss this cross and let bronze trumpets sound,
"Y griten, ¡Que muera España!"	"And cry, Die Spain!"
Viva el General Zapata,	Long live General Zapata,
Viva su fe, y su opinión,	Long live his faith, and his cause,
Porque se la propuesto morir por la patria,	Because he made up his mind to die for the country,
Como yo, por la nación.	As I, for the nation.

Zapata is already a legend, but he tends to become a myth. He is already a representative of the type of heroic figure, a King Arthur, a Jesse James. Around his memory clings an aura of the miraculous. There are as yet no stories of his magical birth or parentage; perhaps they will come in time. He had, however, an inexplicable faculty of escaping his enemies, and he was equipped with a horse with powers that were supernatural. 769 773

Zapata was miraculously clever at escaping. He was many times surrounded but he always got away. One day he was penned into a house by the federals. The only entrance was by the *zaguán*, where there were federal troops. The wall at the back of the house was as high as that shelf [about seven feet]. Zapata had a wonderful horse. It was called Relámpago ["Lightning"]. When the federal troops were about to close in on him, he drove his spurs into Relámpago and leaped the wall—he was gone, none knew where.

When he came into a *pueblo* with his forces they always tried

[1] "It struck eleven for them"—a localism.

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769 to find a house, oh, very clean [*muy limpiacita*], for him to sleep
773 in. When he was sleeping no one might enter except his orderly. But many times Zapata would get up in the middle of the night and go and sleep under some rock in some secret place. None knew how he got there. Thus, though many times the federals surrounded the house where he slept, he always got away.

At the time of these investigations the "mythification" of Zapata had reached the point where the rumor was current that Zapata had escaped death at Chinameca and was still alive. *Corridos* of the reportorial type, written outside of Morelos shortly after the event and still current, describe the actual facts. The trap was set and sprung at Chinameca and Zapata was shot down by the soldiers of Jesús Guajardo on April 9, 1919. His body was exhibited in Cuauhtla to thousands; his tomb there is still a place of pilgrimage. Nevertheless the story current in Morelos among the Zapatistas is that it was another man who was killed. In the summer of 1926 a singer of that region put the story into a *corrido*, which begins:

539 Han publicado, los cantadores,
769 Una mentira fenomenal,
773 Y todos dicen que ya Zapata

Descansa en paz en la eternidad.
Pero si Ustedes me dan permiso
Y depositan confianza en mi,
Voy a cantarles lo mas preciso,

Para informarles tal como ví.

They have spread, those singers,
An extraordinary lie,
And everybody says that now Zapata
Rests in eternal peace.
But if you will give me permission
And rest your trust in me,
I am going to tell you the exact truth,
So as to let you know just how I saw it.

The ballad goes on to tell how Pablo Gonzáles, a Carranzista general, when he learned that Zapata had

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gone to San Juan Chinameca, summoned Jesús Guajardo and with him developed the plan to send Guajardo to Zapata with the proposal that Guajardo turn Zapatista and deliver his forces and funds to the southern leader. Zapata then professed interest, and responded to Guajardo with an invitation to meet him at dinner. But Zapata knew that a trap was laid for him. 539 769 773

Como Zapata es tan veterano,
Sagaz y listo para pensar,
Ya había pensado de ante mano
Mandar otro hombre en su lugar.

As Zapata is such a veteran,
Wise and quick witted,
He had already thought beforehand
To send another man in his place.

So to one Jesús Delgado are given the coat, breeches, and leggings of Zapata, and he rides forth to die for Zapata.

Estado arriba, le dijo a su compadre,
"Hoy sí estamos en la perdición,
¡Adiós, México, mi patria libre,
¡Adiós, adiós, mi fiel nación!
Le salió el tiro por la culata,
Es positivo y no hay que dudar,
Pues se engañaron porque a Zapata,
Ni una razón le han de poder dar.

Arrived at the top, he said to his companion,
"Now indeed we are lost,
Farewell, Mexico, my free country,
Farewell, farewell, my true country!"
The shot came out through the back,[1]
It is certain and cannot be doubted,
But they were deceived about Zapata,
They cannot put Zapata down.

[1] "They were fooled."

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185 ico City formally organized themselves into a "Colonia
668 Tepozteco." The prospectus of this organization an-
369 nounced the chief program of the group: to supplant
565 the then-existing military government of Tepoztlán with one elected by the people. The aims of the society were further specified as follows:

I. To establish among the Tepoztecos a center of intercourse which may contribute to the moral progress of its members.

II. To work for the reconstruction and the improvement, moral and material, of the *Municipalidad* of Tepoztlán.

III. To devote special attention to the spread of public education to the end that illiteracy no longer exists in Tepoztlán, employing for this result, without prejudice to the perfection of the Castilian language, the Nahuatl or Mexican idiom, an efficacious means of bringing the masses of the people to understand the transcendence of civilization, and, furthermore, to bring it about that our native tongue be preserved for transmission to the future generations.

IV. To develop a broad civic propaganda so that all Tepoztecan citizens recognize their rights and duties; and

V. To take a direct interest, moral and practical, in the designation of the local authorities of the *pueblo*, so as to realize the aspirations of the Colony.

In September of the same year a *fiesta* was celebrated in a hired hall in Mexico. A daughter of a leading *correcto*, expatriate in the capital, recited a poem about Tepoztlán written by her father. In this the beauties of the valley are hymned, the tragedy of ruin described, and the hopes of the future announced.

● [539]

Mas tengo fe: las ruinas Subirán a los espacios, Sus bases serán topacios, Sus murallas diamantinas.	Yet I have faith: the ruins Will rise to the empyrean, Their foundations will be topazes, Their walls diamonds.

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Con fuerzas casi divinas,	With strength almost divine,
Tepoztlán en su ardimiento,	Tepoztlán, courageous,
Sus ideales, su aliento	Its ideals, its vigor,
Desplegará con nobleza;	Will unfold nobly;
Si es titánica la empresa,	If the enterprise is titanic,
Es titan su pensamiento.	The thought is a Titan.

In October, 1921, this same group of intellectuals issued a tiny newspaper, *El Tepozteco*, with the motto: [204] "*Nochi ipampa totlacatiliztlal*" ("All for our native land"). This short-lived periodical[1] contained no news, but only editorial sermons on sobriety, patriotism, and especially on reform in Tepoztlán. The editor addressed his compatriots under the *nom de plume* Cihtli-Tepoztecatl ("Paternal Ancestor the Tepoztecan"), writing in the rôle of the eponymous legendary chief returned to advise his people:

> I come to be with you, to arouse you to the titanic emprise of the reconstruction of our *pueblo;* I come to applaud the strength you may exert so that my Tepoztlán may once again be what it was in the decade past; I come to anathematize those evil compatriots of mine, who, with their apathy or selfish ideas of conflict, obstruct the labor of the good citizens; and I come, finally, to be as I have always been, the mythological personage of our history and of our race . . . . [*El Tepozteco*].

This developing group consciousness is a product of conflict; it is apparently most acute in those individuals who, coming to live in the world of the city, look back upon the world of the folk. The impulse for reform, just described, has much in common with the nationalistic movements of folk minorities of Europe. The phenomenon in Tepoztlán, in the development of

[1] The writer does not know that more than the one issue appeared.

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APPENDIX B

TEXT OF *RELACION*

[The following is a part of the Nahuatl text of the *relación*, used at the *fiesta* Altepe-ilhuitl in September, which is spoken by the actor representing "El Tepozteco." A somewhat different version, including a short reply made in turn by each of the attacking *pueblos*, has been collected and published by Robelo.[1] The first line of the following extract is the text as I collected it, suffering from the degeneration of long traditional use and the errors of the collector. The second line is the text as "restored" by Mr. John H. Cornyn, and the third line is Mr. Cornyn's translation. Mr. Cornyn says that the text was composed in the sixteenth century "on the model of the pre-Conquest Aztec metrical poetry (and) is written in the trochaic meter." He says also that "the Tepozteco or Lord of Tepoztlán accompanied the wizards and wonderworkers of Cuernavaca summoned to Mexico City by Moctezuma II, in the hope that they might prevent the arrival of the Spanish invaders to Tenochtitlan. He was one of the first converts to Christianity. For this reason the four cities mentioned in the text, so tradition says, rose against him; but, with the help of the Virgin, he defeated them and brought their lords and nobles into the Catholic fold. This incident was taken advantage of by Fr. Domingo de la Asunción, first missionary to Tepoztlán, to convert the heathen autumn festival into a Christian feast with its accompanying miracle play to replace the old ritual." The notes which follow the text were also kindly furnished by Mr. Cornyn.—R. R.]

Aquin anmehuatin nican anhuallahque ahueli
Aquin amehuantin nican anhuallaque[2] *[o-huallaque]? Ahuel*[3] *[ca amo]*
Not even

Who [are] you [who] have come here?

[1] Art., "Diccionario de mitología Nahoa," pp. 228–34.

[2] *An-huallaque* for *o-huallaque*. The poets frequently left out the sign of the preterite.

[3] *Ahueli* is dialectic for *ca amo*, "not even."

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527 *antetlahpalchque; zan anhual cahcalactahque que anitzquintototin*
536 *antetlahpaloque; zan anhualcahcalactaque que' antiitzcuintototontin*
539 did you give greetings; you came introducing yourselves like little dogs.

quen huelima niahuia,
Quen' huelimanniahuia,
What time is this right now when I am enjoying myself,

nipahqui, nicochi, cenca antecochizolohque;
nipahpaqui, 'huan nicochi? Cenca antecochzoloque;
when I am happy, and [when] I am sleeping? You have completely ruined [my] sleep;

cenca huel ante cochopahzolohque.
cenca huel antecochpahzoloque.
you have deeply troubled [my] sleep.

Nicno chicahua noyollo!
Nic-chicahua in noyollo![1]
I strengthen my heart [take courage]!

Maxihuala, tehuatl in ti, Cuahnahuacatl!
Ma xihuallauh, tehuatl in ti Cuahnahuacatl!
Come forward, thou of Cuernavaca!

tlein ipampa tinechtemohua?
Tlein ipampa in ti-nechtemohua?
Why dost thou come to seek me?

quemach huelima nican nicno-ilhuiquixtililia,
right now when I am here celebrating my *fiesta.*

quemach huelincuac nican nicno-ilhuitomililia
Quenmach hueli icuac nican nicno-[i]lhuitomililia
Is it possible [you come] right now when I am remembering

[1] *Nic-chicahua in noyollo.* The text is barbarous, influenced by the Spanish construction. There is no necessity for the repetition in *nicno* and *noyollo.* The exact translation of the text, as given above, is: "I fortify this heart of mine." The classical poet would have agglutinated the expression thus: *Nino yol-chica-*

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yehuatzin Ichpochtzintli Maliatzine
in yehuatzin Ichpochtzintli Maliaztin-e-e[2]
her the Virgin Holy Mary [who]

nican nechmomaquilihtica no-ayochicahuiliz[3]
nican nechmoyecmaquilihtica in noayochicahualiz
is here giving me fully my essential strength

ihuan no-ayotlahpalihuiz?
ihuan in no ayotlapalihuiz?
and my valor?

Mochicahua noyollo.
Nicchicahua in noyollo.
I strengthen my heart.

Maxihuala, tehuatl in ti, Yahtepecatl,
Maxihuallauh, tehuatl in ti Yahtepecatl!
Come forward, thou of Yautepec!

tlein ipampa tinechtemohua?
Tlein ipampa in ti nechtemohua,
Why dost thou seek me,

Ica hueloncan nechmoyohualotica
ca hueloncan nechmoyohualotica
[where] are surrounding me here

nahui notepe, chicome tlatelli, chicome tlacomolli,
nahui in notepe, in chicome tlahtlatelli, in chicome tlacomolli
my four mountains, the seven hills, the seven wells

---

hua ("I myself heart-fortify"); e.g., from the *Cantares mexicanos: Nino yol-nonotza campa ni-ctiz yectli ahuiaca xochitl* ("I myself heart-consult—meditate—where I shall gather beautiful-sweet-scented flowers").

[2] *Maliatzin-e-e:* The vocative *e*, pronounced long, often served as a complete metric foot, thus *e-e*.

[3] *Aye*, contraction for *ayotl*, the watery substance, the essence of anything. Water, the gift of the Tlalocs, was essential for all vegetable growth; so *ayotl* came to have the secondary meaning of "essence," which it has in the text.

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527 *ihuan chicome tlamimilolli;*
'huan chicome tlaltemimilolli;[1]
536 and [the] seven stony hillsides;

539 *no-ayochicahualiz ihuan no-ayotlahpalihuiz?*
in no-ayochicaualiz 'huan no-ayotlapalihuiz?
they are my valor and my essential strength?

Nicnochicahua noyollo!
Nic-chicahua in noyollo!
I fortify my heart!

Maxihuala, tehuatl ti Tlayecapanecatl!
Ma xihuallauh in ti Tlayecapanecatl!
Come forward, thou of Tlayacapan!

tlein ipampa tinechtemohua?
Tlein ipampa in ti-nechtemohua?
Why dost thou seek me?

Cahuel nelli queh oquimohtlahui yehuatzin,
Ca-uel-nelli queh oquimo'talhui[2] *in yehuatzin,*
It is quite true as she, the aunt, said who shines

te ahuitzin, ompa ilhuicacxitoni,
te-ahuitzin,[3] *ompa ilhuicac-xitoni,*
there in the heavens,

[1] *Tlalte-mimilolli*, the rough, broken hill- or mountain-side; *tlaltetl*, "earth-stone," a ball of earth, clay, conglomerate, or volcanic matter found in abundance on the mountain slopes of the valley of Mexico; *mimiloa*, "to extend," "to increase," "to roll."

[2] *Mo'talhui; italhui*, "to speak," "to say," "to explain."

[3] *Te-ahuitzin*, the aunt (in general), substituted for *te-ci*, the aunt of one's grandparents. Teci was the ancestor of gods and men and the antecessor of Our Lady of Guadalupe at Tepeyac (Guadalupe). As the wife of the fire-god, in the older Mexican mythology, she was the goddess of birth and fertility and the ruler, like her husband, of the three divisions of the universe, the superterrestrial (all above the earth); the terrestrial (on the earth), and the subterrestrial (below the earth). Teci was the "hare in the moon" and, by metathesis, the moon herself, who assumed all the attributes of the goddess. When the grain was gathered in, the Mexican people held a great festival in (September) in honor of Teci (identified with the moon). The *Tepeuleo* play seems to have been written to

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metztli oquimoxopehpechtihtzino.
metztli oquimoxopechtihtzino.[1]
she, the moon, has made her dwelling [foundations].

matlactli ihuan ome cicitlaltin
Matlactli 'huan ome cicitlaltin
Twelve stars she has

oquimo xochi-icpacuiltitzino.
o-qui-mo-xoch'-icpac-cuiltitzino.
[like] flowers placed on her head.

omotlacempanahuilli ompa ilhuicac;
omotlacempanahuilli ompan in ilhuicac;
She has surpassed, there in the sky, all;

ihuan nican tlalticpac;
ihuan nican in tlalticpac;
and here on earth;

ihuan nohuiampa cemanahuac.
ihuan nohuiampa cemanahuac.
and everywhere in the universe.

Maxihuala, Tehuatl in ti-Huaxtepecatl!
Ma xihuallauh,[2] *tehuatl in ti, Huaxtepecatl!*
Come forward, thou of Huaxtepec!

---

take the place of this old autumn festival. The reference in the text is to the old heathen belief of the "old aunt" or ancestor, Teci, the moon, holding her court in the sky, amid the stars. Teci was frequently identified with Chicome-xochitl ("Seven-Flowers"), the goddess of birth, who had her home among the stars. This is probably the reference, in the text, to the seven flowers and the seven stars. The Indians associated the Virgin with the moon.

[1] *Oquimoxopechtihtzino* (rev. form), "has made her foundation," that is, all that lies beneath her, over which she rules or has dominion. *Xopechtli*, "foundation," is verbalized by the suffixing of *-tia*, "to make," and the prefixing of *mo*, for "one's self." As verb it takes the objective pronoun *qui*="has-it-for-herself-foundation-made."

[2] *Ma xihuallauh*, imperative of *huallauh*, "to come toward." This word is frequently written incorrectly because, in ordinary conversation, the *uh-termination* is not pronounced. This *-uh* formed one of the poetic licenses of the Aztec poets, who pronounced it or not according to the necessities of the meter.

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527 *tlein ipampa tinechtemohuaʃ*
536 *Tlein ipampa in ti-techtemohuaʃ*
Why dost thou seek me; at this

539 *quemach huelima; quemach huilihcuac;*
quemmach in huelimman; quemmach in huel-icuac;
very moment; just at this time;

nican nicno—ilhuiquixtililia;
nican nicno—[i]lhuiquixtililia;
is it possible—when I am celebrating my *fiesta;*

nican nicno-ilhuitomililia;
nican nicno'lhuitomililiâ;
when I am remembering the year-day;

nicnotlatlanamictililia nonantzin,
nicno tlahtlanamictililia in nonantzin,
when I am remembering my mother,

ichpochchichiltzintli ihuan
Ichpochchichitzintli ihuan
the roseate Virgin and

techalchi centeconetzin cencateoyotica,
te-chalchi-centeconetzin, cenca-yecteoyotica,
the precious only son, altogether divine,

yectililoni icatzinco in Teotl
in yectililoni icatzinco-[i]n Teotl
perfect as God

te-Tahtzin, in Teotl te-Piltzin ihuan in Teotl Teayotzin,
in te-Tatzin, Teotl in te-Piltzin, ihuan Teotl, te-Ihyotzin,
the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost,

quemach omique ilhuicac ihuan nican tlalticpac,
quemmach-ami in ilhuicac ihuan nican in tlalticpac,
ever blessed in heaven and here on earth,

ihuan nicnohuian cemanahuactli.
ihuan icnohuian cemanahuac.
and also everywhere in the universe.

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Nicnochicahua noyollo!
Nic-chicahua in noyollo!
I fortify my heart!

Maxihuala, ti Tlalmanacatl!
Ma xihuallauh, in ti Tlamanalcatl!
Come forward, thou from Tlalmanalco!

tlein ipampa tinechtemohua?
Tlein ipampa in ti-nech temohua?
Why dost thou seek me?

Maxihualacan, anmonochtin!
Ma xihualcan, anmo-nochtin!
Come forward, all of you!

xic-caquiqui tlein huel notenyo, notlahtol.
Xic-caqui-qui tlein-huel in notenyo, in notlahtol.[1]
Come to hear how great is my fame, my majesty.

Nepa ye huehca, canin anahuicya anpahpactaya;
Nepa ye huecapa canin in an-ahahuia, an-pahpactiaya;
Far over there where you gloried [in your power];

[1] *Tenyo*, contraction of *tenyotl*, "fame": *tlatolli*, "word," and, in a secondary sense, "fame," "authority," "majesty." *N'anech*, "I from you"; *hual-anilli'on, anilia-tia*, "to cause to take or bring" (with *hual*, "toward"); *on*, "here, from there": "I have taken from you there and brought [them] here or caused them to be brought here, the *tlalpanhuehuetl* and the *tlalpanteponaztli*." The former, as the war drum, which could be heard for five miles, was the symbol of national power and valor in battle; the latter was symbolical of the social side of life. It was the favorite musical instrument of the poets, song composers, and musicians of the courts of the kings of Mexico and Texcoco. The taking of these drums from the cities that made war on the Tepozteco symbolized their defeat in war and the disruption of their social life. The poem closes with the command of the Tepozteco to the court musicians to bring forth the war drum and beat the war music (with its accompanying war chant), thus proclaiming the victory of the Tepozteca and the humiliation of the warring cities. The *panhuehuetl* was a large upright drum; and the *tlal-panhuehuetl* was so called because it rested on the ground or floor.

The accentuation of words was somewhat different in the valley of Mexico from that of outlying Nahuatl territory. In the valley every word was accentuated on the penultimate; and the long compound words carried the accent regularly on every second syllable thereafter. This gave a succession of trochees and made the trochaic the natural Nahuatl meter.

l:Redfield E-5 (1926-1927)1930
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527 *canin amo centlamachtihtaya,*
536 *canin ammo [anmo]—centlamachtiaya,*
539 where you had your pleasures; where you had your recreations,

amech hual anilihten anmotlalpanhuehuetl,
n'amech-hual-anilit'on anmo-tlalpanhuehuetl,
I took from you your war drum,

ihuan anmotlalteponaz.
ihuan anmotlalteponaz.
and your teponaztli.

Nicnochicahua noyollo!
Nic-chicahua in noyollo!
I fortify my heart!

Maxiquin hualtzotzonilican in pinahuiz!
Ma xi-quin-hualtzotzonilican in pinahuiz!
Beat for them [on the drum] their shame [of having been conquered]!

2:Lewis E-5 (1943-1948) 1951 NU37 Tepoztlan NU37

blanco, pepitillo blanco, and *semilla azul.*[8] *Ancho blanco* is the most widely used corn; *pepitillo* is used only in the heavier clay soils. *Semilla azul* is used for replanting cornfields which have not germinated, because it ripens faster and catches up with the earlier plantings.

A large number of Tepoztecans still follow the custom of having the seed blessed by the priest on the day of San Isidro, May fifteenth. Generally the women take the corn to the church. Each woman selects about ten of the finest ears of corn, as well as some of her best beans and squash. She may also take along some copal and a censer. As many as two hundred women may attend this blessing. As they burn the incense in the church, the priest comes out and blesses the seed with holy water. The ears of corn which have been blessed are to be placed in the milpas to rot and must not be burned, or the seed will not grow.

The ancient custom of addressing the seed in Náhuatl, before planting, is still remembered by most men over age fifty. Many informants recall that their grandfathers spoke to the corn in a short formal ritual, before planting. The ceremony in the fields was often accompanied by great emotion and even weeping. One of these speeches translated from the Náhuatl follows:

"My beloved body and strength, go and bear the cold and the storm of the seasons; all is for us."[9]

Today a similar ritual is still followed by a relatively small number of Tepoztecans, except that the recitations include references to God and are said in Spanish. The following are examples of present-day blessings:

God bless you. I bury you and if you return while I still live the satisfaction will be mine; if not then my descendants.

In the name of God I am going to plant this seed. I implore Thee to bless my work.

Bless your sainted name God Our Father who is the first one to care for us. From here you go out and from where you go out God wishes you to return. For I am going to throw you into the field and you will remain only with the blessing of God. And may God free you so that we all will have something.

In planting corn, two men and one team of oxen are the minimum requirement. More than one team is rarely employed on a single field. However, two or three men may be used if the owner has a large family or can afford to hire *peones*. In planting on land that has been newly broken, the plow is always pulled at right angles to the existing furrows. One man, the oxen driver, leads the oxen while another man follows and drops four seeds in the furrow for each plant at a space of about a pace apart. The seed is dropped in front of the left toe, and the dirt is pushed over the seeds with the right foot. In planting the first few seeds, some Tepoztecans still follow the old custom of making the sign of the cross with their hand as they drop the seeds. Older men believe that planting one day after the

[8] See Appendix A, p. 449.

[9] "Netlaahocuyo yocatzin xonohuicatitzi quezquiuh cequintli tonalli huan yeccatl timochicahuitiui tepampa."

2;Lewis E-5 (1943-1948)1951 NU37 Tepoztlan NU37

243 cultivation. However, it probably also serves to strengthen the outside rows against the wind, and Tepoztecans believe that it protects the inside of the milpa.

In the more fertile lands which are in the hotter and lower portions of the municipio, it is customary to hill all the plants because the corn grows so fast that a third cultivation with oxen would damage the tall plants. The hilling of each plant requires much more labor, and therefore necessitates more capital when *peones* are hired for the job. In areas within the municipio such as Calamatlán, where this hilling is done, the process is referred to as *una tierra y medio cajón*, that is, one cultivation followed by hilling. The hilling is believed to safeguard the tall plants against the winds.

527 The termination of cultivation is known as the *acabada* and is celebrated by a
243 fiesta in the fields and at home. This generally occurs toward mid-August. Im-
[788] mediately after the last hilling, some Tepoztecans walk around the milpa and re-
[534] cite a speech. The following is a typical speech.

Now I have fulfilled my obligation of attending and cultivating you as you deserve. Now if you do not want to produce, that is your responsibility. For my part I now retire.

[778] A wooden cross is sometimes put in the center of the milpa after the last row
[264] is cultivated and prayers and religious songs are said by the owner. Fireworks are set off and bread and cheese, tequila and *ponche* are served to the workers and others present. The oxen are decorated with flowers, generally dahlias, tulips, and banana leaves, and a picture of San Isidro. After celebrating in the milpa the oxen are driven home, where there is more food and drink for the *peones*, the family, and any *compadres* and friends who may be invited. Tamales, rice, tortilla, *mole verde*, and drinks of *ponche* are plentiful, and firecrackers are set off in the patio.

[264]

243 The last cultivation and its celebration are generally over by late August. There follows a long period during which relatively little is done in the cornfields. Dur-
[245] ing this time the farmers harvest their *ciruela* crops, which ripen in early September.

[527] Toward the end of September the fresh corn is ready in the fields, and families
[778] turn out to the milpas to roast corn and to drink *ponche*. On September 28, the day
[788] of Saint Miguel, the farmers carry a cross made of *pericón*, which has been blessed
[821] by the priest, and they place it on the four sides of the milpa to protect it against
[780] strong winds which often blow at this time. It is an old belief that if the winds
[770] blow strong and the corn is damaged it is because the dancers who represent El Tepozteco at the fiesta on September 8 did not perform properly. While this explanation is widely known, few still believe it. Another old idea is that the wind is caused by the angels spreading their wings.

During October the weeding of the milpa with machete is done wherever necessary. A milpa of ten or twelve *cuartillos* can generally be done by a man in one or two days. After that there is a long period when no work in the milpa is
[245] done. During this time farmers continue to pick their *ciruelas*, look after their animals, cut wood, and do other tasks around the house.

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and say, "*Señorita*, may I accompany you for a moment?" If the girl consents, he will at once propose that they be *novios*, and he then will begin to send her love letters. This approach is recent and is limited to those with more education or contact with the outside, or to those with courage enough to face a possible refusal or scolding from the girl. The writing of love letters is no longer limited to a few but has become widespread with increasing literacy. Young people who are unable to write well ask a friend with more education to do it for them. Girls and boys who have been to secondary school are particularly sought out as letter writers, and they derive a great deal of prestige in this way. The letters are written in flowery style and are usually copied out of a book of etiquette. A typical letter is the following:

Adored Señorita:

The impulses of my heart are such that they encourage even the most cautious man to commit indiscretion which sooner or later he will regret. Perhaps this will not happen to me in taking the liberty of writing this letter. My feelings are such that I am taking the liberty in order to ascertain my coming fate, pending the day when you honor me with your affirmative or negative response.

My soul is carried to the extreme in manifesting in exaggerated phrases, which are lacking in substance and sound, the love that you inspire. But do not think that because of this I do not feel a true passion for your incomparable beauty and goodness. The proof is that, despite the fear that my petition will be denied, I tremulously write this declaration and anxiously await the result, hoping that my love will be requited.

Favor me, Señorita, and attend my entreaty; and if, unutterable words, you feel a little sympathy toward one so audacious as to love you tenderly, communicate with me quickly and in all sincerity.

With all the sentiment which invades the heart of your respectful and constant adorer

Your devoted servant,

A boy may send two or three such letters anonymously before he has the courage to affix his name. If a favorable reply is received, the boy arranges for a meeting Any answer but an outright refusal is taken to be favorable; when a girl asks for time to think it over, a boy considers her his *novia*. It is a common sight to see a young boy loitering at a street corner for hours, waiting for an opportunity to get a glimpse of his *novia* or to say a few words to her. (See Fig. 60.) This "cornering" a girl (*esquiniar la muchacha*) is a regular courting practice in Tepoztlán. At night boys often gather at a corner to play the guitar and serenade a nearby *novia* of one of the group. A typical song is as follows:

I come to greet you
With this serenade of love.
May you have no trouble,
My charming angel.

Your laughter or your fear
Will tell me of your feelings.
I am your faithful lover
And adore you always.

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[539]

There are enough flowers in my heart
To make a bouquet for you.
I shall be happy and you will have no trouble
When you enjoy my love.

Novios continue to write letters to one another because of the difficulty of getting together. There is, of course, much secrecy involved in the sending of letters. Many *novios* have a secret place to leave letters, or they may be delivered by a trusted friend or by a child hired for the purpose. Sometimes *novios* deliver letters to one another in passing. Some widows and girls are known to hire themselves for the purpose of delivering messages for lovers, to patch up quarrels, or

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Fig. 60. A boy waiting hopefully at the plaza for a glimpse of his *novia*.

to convince a girl to become someone's *novia*. These women are known as *alcahuetes*. Another term for them is *corre-ve-y-dile* (run-see-and-tell). Both of these are insulting terms, and such go-betweens are strongly disapproved of; they are also suspected of knowing sorcery especially appropriate for *novios*.

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Meetings between *novios* may take place at the fountain (Fig. 61), in the corral of the girl's house after dark, or in a deserted spot in the daytime, always with much apprehension about being discovered. If they are *novios* for the first time, acquaintanceship generally develops slowly. *Novios* generally caress and embrace but rarely kiss. Kissing is a modern innovation in courtship, and only the more sophisticated *novios* do so. Kissing is traditionally associated with religious worship,

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